

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XI.—No. 4.

BOSTON, APRIL, 1860.

WHOLE No. 64.

BOSTON STREET CHARACTERS.

In a former number of our Magazine, we presented types of character to be met with in our streets, and we now add a few more of these pictorial delineations. Boston is a large place, and supplies many phases of existence to the keen-eyed observer. It is indeed changed from what it was in 1673, nearly two centuries ago, when it was stated, "There be about fifteen hundred families in Boston. No beggars. Not three persons put to death for theft (annually). There are no musicians by trade. A dancing-school was set up, but soon put down." Does this present the faintest shadow of a likeness of what the city is now? No—in this country, the past is an indication of the future. The early founders of our old Atlantic cities had no idea of the greatness to which they would one day arrive, and hence many of the inconveniences under which we suffer, such as crooked and narrow streets, inequality of surface, etc. The founders of cities in new states and territories have learned wisdom by our experience, and start with a liberal provision for a probable future greatness.

Yet with all her faults we love old Boston still. We love to ramble through what was once the "court end" of our New England metropolis, and to gaze on the few relics that are left of the domestic architecture of other days. Before some venerable pile we become imbued with the spirit of the past, and can call up dim perceptions of the old colonial fathers—the men in their conical hats and brief, sad-colored coats, and peaked beards, the women in sober garments of the severest cut. Yet even in the days of Puritanism a love of finery began to manifest itself, and the pomp of attire called forth interference of grave legislators and graver divines. So early as 1636, ornaments of gold, silver, silk and thread, also slashed and embroid-

ered garments, silver girdles, belts, etc., were forbidden, and the wearing of laces. What a gay aspect our streets would present if these ornaments were revived! We find this passage in the Massachusetts records of 1634. "Although severall declaratjons and orders have binn made by this Courte against Excesse in Apparel, both of men and women, which have not taken that Effect as were to be desired; but, on the contrary, wee cannot but to our grief take notice, that intollerable excesse and bravery hath crept in upon us, and that especially among people of means condition, to the dishonor of God, the scandall of our profession, the consumption of Estates, and altogether unsuitable to our povertie; and, although, we acknowledge it to be a matter of much difficultie, in regard of the blindness of



THE LITTLE LAME PEDLER.



THE RAZOR-STROP MAN.

men's minds, and the stubbornness of their wills, to sett down Exact rules to confine all sorts of persons, yet wee cannot but account it our duty to commend unto all sorts of persons, the sober and moderate use of those blessings which beyond Expectation, the Lord hath been pleased to afford unto us in this wilderness, and also to declare our utter detestation and dislike that men or women of meane condition, should take upon them the garb of Gentlemen, by wearing gold or silver lace, or buttons, or points at their knees, or to walk in great boots, or women of the same rank, to wear silks, or tiffany hoods, or scarfs, which though allowable to persons of greater Estates or more liberal Education, yet we cannot but judge it as intolerable in persons of such like condition. It is, therefore, ordered by the Court and the Authorities thereof, that no person within the jurisdiction, or any of their relations depending upon them, whose visible Estates, real or personal, shall not exceed the true and Indifferent value of Two hundred pounds, shall weare any gold or silver lace, or any bone lace above two shillings per yard, or silk hoods or scarfs, upon the penalty of ten shillings for Every such offence. It is further ordered, by the Authority aforesajd, that the selectmen of every town are hereby enabled and required from time to time to have regard and take notice of apparell and whosoever they shall judge to Exceed their ranks and abilities in Costumes or Fashion of their apparell, in any respect, Especially in the wearing of Ribbons or great Boots (leather being so scarce a commodity in this country) lace pointes, silk hoods or scarfs, the selectmen aforesajd, shall have power to assess such persons so offending *

* * in the Country rates at: Two hundred poynds Estates * * * provided this law shall not Extend to the restraint of any magistrate or public officer of this jurisdiction, who are left to their discretion in wearing of apparell, or any settled military officer or soldier in tyme of military.

service, or any other whose education or Employments have been above the ordinary degree, or whose Estates have been considerable though now decayed.' Verily, the matter of dress and ornament sorely exercised our Puritan fathers. Here are some more of their enactments: "Whereas, there is manifest pride openly appearing amongst us, in that Long Haire, like woman's Haire, is worn by some men, with their own or other's Haire, and then Cutting, Curling, etc., immodest laying out their Haire, which practice doth prevail and increase, especially amongst the younger sort. This Court does declare against this Custom as offensive to them and diverse sober Christians amongst us, and therefore doth hereby expect and advise all persons to use moderation in this respect: and further do empower all grand juries to present to the County Courts, such persons, whether male or female, whom they shall judge to exceed in the premises. And the County Courts are hereby authorized to proceed against such delinquents either by admonition, fine, or correction, according to their discretion." — "Notwithstanding the whole-

some law already made by this Court, for restraining excess in Apparel, yet through Corruption in many, and neglect of due execution of those laws, the evil of pride in Apparel, both for costliness in the poorer sort, and vayne, new strange fashions both in poore and rich, with naked breasts and arms, or as it were perceived with addition of superstitious Ribbons, both in Haire and apparell, for redress whereof, It is ordered by this Court, that the County Courts, from time to time, doe give strict charge to present all such persons as they shall judge to exceed in that kind, and if the Grand Jury shall neglect their duty herein, the county court shall impose a fine upon them at discretion."

But these are things of the past. Those terrible sinners of "mean condition," who wore those wicked "big boots," and those mysterious "superstitious ribbons," that do excite the dislike and watchfulness of the colonial legislature, have long since mouldered into dust. The "big boots" whose tramp woke such an awful echo in the streets of ancient Boston, are past mending; and the slashed sleeves, and silver belts, and points at the knees, are no more displayed by the dandies of to day. *Requiescat in pace!*

What have we to do with the past? Let us turn our eyes to the present, and follow our artist in his tour of observation. Our first sketch depicts the little lame pedler and it is from life. The subject is an invalid boy, who is gradually recovering health and strength by living in the open air, and who sells pencils, pen-holders, boot-laces, etc. He is generally found on the sidewalk in front of our office, and rarely extends his excursions into Washington Street, having apparently found patrons enough in the limited range to which he restricts himself. Sometimes we see him on the steps of the church opposite, dividing the public attention with the good-natured Italian who vends plaster medallions, and who all the day long so quietly, cheerfully and pa-

tiently offers his wares to the multitudes of passers-by.

And here is the "razor strop man," who is ex-patiating on the excellence of his strops to an admiring youth from the Green Mountains, who hopes soon to have occasion to use one of them with a yet unpurchased razor.

The "Scissors Grinder" is another out-door character, not at all unwelcome to housekeepers, before whose door he pauses with his whirring wheel, and in a few moments puts the domestic cutlery in complete order. Passing on, we have a lifelike sketch of the teamster. In no city in the world are there finer team-horses than in Boston, and their intelligence and the skill of the driver, is a theme of wondering comment for strangers. A long file of horses threading their way through a crowded thoroughfare, turning, backing, moving to the right and left, guided only by the voice and word of command, or avoiding difficulty by their own instinct, is a sight to be remembered. Then we have the "exquisite" with his glass stuck in his eye, his hat jauntily on his "ambrosial curls," his hands stuck in his pockets, treading daintily along, the "observed of all observers"—as he thinks. He probably imagines that a single glance of his has won the hearts of the two ladies in expanded crinoline, who are turning the corner, and that all that is left for him to do is to make his selection between them.

Next we have a sketch of some of those brave-hearted men who "run with the machine," and who start to action with the clang of the fire-bell, as the war-horse rouses at the blast of the trumpet. All honor to our gallant firemen! They infuse the heroic element into our daily life. Starting from their occupations at the first stroke of the bell, directly afterwards they are seen hurrying with the engine to the scene of disaster, thence to toil amidst fire and smoke, to mount crazy ladders, to climb slippery roofs, to plunge into the devouring element to save life or property, braving every peril, and often laying down their lives at the command of duty. Their history is interwoven with that of our city. It is not a great many years since a separate corps of firemen was first organized; in former times, every man was a fireman as every man was a soldier, and though all worked with a will, yet with miserable engines and with no training, the flames generally had it pretty much their own way.

As a matter of interest, we copy from Dana's "Fireman," accounts of some of the noted fires in this city: "The first large fire in Boston occurred in 1653, near State Street; but there is no record of the fire to be found at the present time. On the 8th of August, 1679, a fire broke out in the Town Dock, on Ann Street, destroying eighty houses, and seventy warehouses,

valued at a million of dollars. Several vessels were burned by this fire. During the year 1690 a large fire occurred on Hanover Street, by which many buildings were destroyed. June 18th, 1691, a large conflagration occurred in North Square, destroying a large number of houses. March 11th, 1702, a terrible conflagration took place in Dock Square, at one time threatening destruction to one half the town; but it was finally stopped in its progress by blowing up several large warehouses. Oct. 2d, 1711, a fire broke out in an oakum-picker's tenement, in Williams Court; one of the women who was picking oakum allowed it to take fire. The flames spread with great rapidity. All the houses and stores on both sides of Washington Street, between School Street and Dock Square, were laid in ashes, besides the first meeting-house that was built in Boston. During the fire, four sailors ascended the steeple to save the bell. The stairs burned away, the roof fell in, and the sailors were crushed to death. Nov. 14th, 1759, a fire commenced south of Oliver's Bridge, Water Street, and swept off all the buildings east on that street and on Milk Street. March 20th, 1760, a fire broke out on Washington Street, where several buildings were burned. It then extended to Long Wharf and to Fort Hill, burning one large ship, nine smaller ones, the Quaker Meeting-house, on Congress Street, one hundred and thirty-three dwelling-houses, sixty-three stores, sixty-six shops and thirty-six barns; a total of two hundred and fifty five buildings, valued, in the currency of that day, at £71,012 7s. 3d. Jan. 13th, 1791, a fire commenced in a shop in Dock Square, which destroyed *Faneuil Hall* and all the buildings east of it. April 20th, 1787, a fire broke out in a malt-house, on Beach Street, and, the wind blowing a gale from the north-east, the flames communicated to many buildings at the same time. The



THE SCISSORS-GRINDER.



THE TEAMSTER.

Hollis Street Church, which was fifty rods from where the fire originated, was soon in a blaze, and was burned to its foundation. There were destroyed by this fire one hundred buildings; sixty of them were the most costly mansions to be found in Boston at that time. All the buildings on both sides of Washington Street, from Elliot to Nassau Streets, were destroyed. July 30th, 1794, a fire commenced in some rope-walks on a line with Pearl Street. This fire swept everything in its course to the water's edge on Russia Wharf, burning one hundred houses and stores. Jan. 15th, 1803, Daniel Bowen's Museum, at the corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, was destroyed by fire. The flames ascended to such a height as to be seen at Portsmouth, N. H., a distance of sixty miles. Jan. 16th, 1807, Bowen & Doyle's Museum took fire, and was entirely destroyed. The southern walls were forced out by the flames, and fell into the cemetery grounds, crushing to death several young men. Jan. 3d, 1818, the Exchange Coffee-house, situated on Devonshire Street, took fire, and was burned to its foundation. This was, at that time, the most extensive establishment of the kind in the United States. The building was seven stories in height, and from the ground to the top of the dome one hundred feet and ten inches. The house contained two hundred and ten rooms, with a dining-room which would seat three hundred persons. This fire presented one of the most grand and sublime spectacles ever witnessed in Boston; occurring in the evening, the light was seen at Portsmouth, N. H., a distance of sixty miles. Loss \$500,000. July 7th, 1824, a fire commenced in a carpenter's shop, situated on Charles Street. The wind was blowing a gale from the west, which carried the flames to a block of buildings on Chestnut Street. The heat, smoke and flames, rendered the efforts of the firemen for a time ineffectual. Lines of men

were formed to the Frog Pond, and also to the Mill dam Basin, for the purpose of passing water to the engines in fire-buckets. A block of buildings on Beacon Street was soon on fire, and, had it not been for the wisdom shown by covering the roofs of other houses with blankets, and keeping them wet, the whole of Beacon Street would have been laid in ashes. The Common, after the fire, presented the sad spectacle of elegant and costly furniture damaged and broken by impetuous and careless removal from the buildings on fire. Burning flakes were blown to the eastward as far as Bedford Street, firing several buildings in that direction, but they were quickly extinguished. Loss \$150,000. The city of Boston at this time seemed doomed to be destroyed by extensive and disastrous conflagrations. Hardly had the rubbish been cleared away from the ruins on Beacon Street, before the city was again visited by one of the most disastrous fires that ever occurred in Boston. April 7th, 1825, a fire broke out in a wooden building in Doane Street. The fire soon communicated to the adjoining buildings and to the large warehouses on State, Central, Kilby and Broad Streets. Owing

to a scarcity of water it had full sway for a long time, and the heat from the fire was such as to penetrate the partition walls that separated the warehouses one from another, and set the timbers on fire in the different rooms. The wind blew fresh from the south-west, and the communication of the flames from one building to another, on both sides of Central Street, and as far as the Commercial Coffee-house, was extremely rapid. The progress of the flames was not arrested until four o'clock the next morning. After the fire had raged for five hours the utmost efforts of the firemen were necessary to prevent the flames from crossing to the west side of Kilby Street, although the wind was blowing from a westerly direction at the time. Some of the finest buildings in Boston were destroyed by this destructive conflagration. Loss \$2,000,000. Nov. 10th, 1825, a fire was discovered in a building on Court Street, and before it was extinguished nine buildings were destroyed, reaching from Tudor's corner to Washington Street. Law books valued at \$20,000 were burned by this fire. On the opposite side of the street several wooden buildings were also burned. Loss \$60,000. May 18th, 1835, a fire broke out in the carpenter's shop of Stetson & Smith, on Blackstone Street. The flames extended to several adjoining shops, and a stable occupied by a Mr. Simmons; all of which, with their contents, were consumed. All the buildings between Blackstone, Cross and Pond Streets were entirely destroyed. On the opposite side of Pond Street the Massachusetts Hotel and several other buildings were badly damaged, and the livery stable of Mr. Davis was completely burned. All of the buildings on the west side of Salem Street, from Cross to Hanover Streets, with but one exception, were entirely destroyed, and many other buildings were damaged by fire. At this fire, Melville Engine, No. 13, drafted and played on to the fire through eleven hundred and

fifty feet of hose. Loss \$70,000. Jan. 24th, 1839, a fire broke out in the iron foundry of Haskell & Turner, on Haverhill Street. The fire soon spread to the adjoining buildings, and in a short time all the buildings from that in which the fire originated to Market Street were totally destroyed. On Beverly Street all the buildings were destroyed to Charlestown Street. A row of buildings, five in number, on Cooper Street, and a block on Charlestown Street, were consumed, together with a block of houses on Endicott Street. The weather was extremely cold, and many of the firemen were badly frost-bitten. Loss \$80,000. June 24th, 1844, a fire broke out in Hamilton's Planning-Mills, in the rear of Suffolk and Dover Streets. The materials about the building were very combustible, and the weather extremely hot. A strong breeze was blowing from the west, which caused the fire to spread with great rapidity. A block of fine buildings on Suffolk Street, and a large block of buildings on Dover Street, were soon on fire, and in a short time were destroyed. The Franklin school-house, on Washington Street, was next in order for destruction; and, while the firemen were making great exertion to save it, the fire spread along a block of small brick buildings on Groton Street, five of which were destroyed. Loss \$70,000. August 18th, 1844, a fire broke out in Samuel Jepson's carpenter's shop, in South Margin Street. The fire extended with great rapidity to the adjoining buildings. About twenty buildings with their contents were destroyed. Loss \$60,000. May 11th, 1845, a fire commenced in Church Street, which destroyed a large number of buildings in Church and Piedmont Street before it was stopped. There were twenty-five buildings in all, besides the church, burned. Loss \$30,000. August 15th, 1845, the hotel and stable of a Mr. Doolittle, in Brattle Square, were set on fire. William G. Boulstone and Emerson G. Thompson, members of the Charlestown Fire Department, were killed by the falling of the walls. Several others were injured. Loss \$8000. Sept. 14th, 1845, the Suffolk Lead Works, on Gold Street, South Boston, consisting of five buildings, together with six dwelling-houses, were consumed. Loss \$50,000. Jan. 21st, 1847, a fire commenced in a bowling-alley in Haverhill Street. The wind at the time blew a perfect hurricane, and the cold was intense. In a direct range with the fire was a row of wooden buildings, through which the fire passed with terrible rapidity. Northward and eastward the fire spread steadily and sadly. The buildings in Beverly and Medford Streets were soon swept away by the raging flames. Haymarket Square was filled by the flying inhabitants of the burning district, who had fled from the destruction behind them, many of whom were rendered homeless and houseless. A large amount of property was destroyed, and a great portion of it belonged to those who, in losing their little, lost all. Loss \$75,000. March 10th, 1847, a block of buildings on Washington Street, near State Street, occupied by Damrell & Moore, printers, and sixteen others, were destroyed by fire. Loss \$75,000. Sept. 7th, 1849, a fire broke out in an old stable in Sea Street, and soon communicated to the lumber-yard of Whiting & Co., from which it spread to the coal yard of F. A. Benson. The wind

was blowing strong from the west at the time, which caused the fire to spread to the vessels lying at the wharf, and several of them were slightly damaged. While the firemen were at work in stopping the progress of the fire in Sea Street, a fire broke out in the Catholic Church on Broadway, South Boston, and a portion of the department were sent to South Boston. The fire in the church had made such headway when the engines arrived, that the firemen directed their attention to the saving of the surrounding buildings, which were in great danger from the heat of the building on fire. In a short time the roof of the church fell in, and all that was left of that large building was the blackened walls. Loss \$100,000. Nov. 5th, 1850, a large conflagration took place in the building owned and occupied by the Boston and Maine Railroad Co. on Causeway Street, as a freight depot. It was also used, by Harold & Fernald, as a mahogany warehouse. The building was three hundred feet long, one and a half stories high, and, at the time of the fire, there were twenty-three cars inside of the depot, loaded with cotton and other merchandise, all of which were destroyed with the building. Loss \$150,000. The burning of Tremont Temple and Chapman Hall occurred March 31, 1852. The fire was discovered in the basement of Tremont Temple, and an attempt was made to stop the progress of the fire without the aid of the department; but it was ineffectual, on account of the combustibility of the material in the building. It was the belief of the firemen that the building could be saved; but their hopes were not to be realized, for in an hour the flames had reached the roof, and in a short time the rafters were so badly burned that they gave way, and the roof fell in. The falling of the roof was terrific, and was soon followed by the falling of the front wall,



THE EXQUISITE.



RUNNING TO A FIRE.

which was composed of huge granite blocks, into Tremont Street, with a tremendous crash. In the mean time Chapman Hall building, which joined the Temple on the rear, had taken fire, and the falling of the roof and the walls of the Temple, rendered it dangerous for the firemen to enter the building, and it soon burned to the ground. A man, by the name of John Hall, was killed, and George Esty, a member of Franklin, No. 7, of Charlestown, had his back broken by the falling walls. Loss \$200,000. July 10th, 1852, the great fire on Fort Hill commenced in an old stable, in an alley-way leading from Belmont Street. It caught from the cinders which fell from a chimney that was on fire. The wind was blowing a gale from the south-east at the time, and the fire spread with great rapidity. The roof of the Sailor's Home was soon discovered to be on fire, and, in a short time, there was nothing left of this great building but the bare walls. The alarm was given at three o'clock in the afternoon, and the scene in the neighborhood of this destructive conflagration baffles description. The streets were blockaded with household goods; men, women and children, were without shelter for their heads. Among them were crowded thousands of spectators, gazing upon the burning buildings and the operations of the firemen. At this time the Boylston school-house was discovered to be on fire, and all the energies of the firemen were brought to bear upon this building to save it, but in vain. By this time the excitement was at its height. Washington Square and the adjoining streets were in the wildest confusion. Women were shrieking; firemen were crying to the spectators, who were an obstruction to everybody and everything, except the raging

flames, which threatened to destroy entirely that portion of the city. After five hours of incessant toil, the fire was got under, and the firemen were relieved from their arduous duty. Between fifty and sixty buildings were destroyed. Loss \$400,000. These were stirring street scenes, all of them.

Another of our street-characters, is the Chestnut man, a novelty of late years in our city, though the venders of hot, roast chestnuts have long since been naturalized in New York. A group of "dock-loafers" affords no very pleasing spectacle. Fortunately there are not many of these wharf-rats in Boston, and the Harbor Police keep a sharp lookout after them. The "Lamp-lighter" shows us a member of that useful class immortalized in Miss Cummings's romantic story. The next scene was sketched opposite Orlando Tompkins's ele-

gant apothecary store, on the corner of Winter and Washington Streets, where a gentlemanly police officer in his blue and gold costume, like Ticknor & Fields's duodecimo poets, escorts the ladies through the pass of peril. Who shall say that the days of chivalry are over? One of these fine days, when some peerless belle is about crossing, and the mud yawns deep before her shrinking, dainty feet, we shall have, be sure of it, a repetition of the gallantry of Sir Walter Raleigh. As he flung down his velvet coat that Queen Elizabeth might cross the kennel dryshod, so will our gallant policeman pull the coat from his shoulders, and spread it at the feet of the coming belle. In prophetic vision, we behold this incident and the romance growing out of it—the gratitude of the lady, the despair of rivals, aspiring love, the long, secret wooing crowned with success, the resignation of a policeman, a wedding in King's Chapel, a wedding-breakfast, enthusiastic father with bald head and spectacles handing his son-in-law a cheque for \$250,000 dollars, a bridal tour, married felicity, political ambition following the path of fortunate love, election to the pre-sidency—grand tableau!

The procession of men with advertising placards, exhibits a mode of publicity derived from London, where it is a striking feature of out-door life. There is a narrower field for artistic gleaming in Boston than in most other great cities, for a certain staid uniformity is a general characteristic of the place; still, as in every great city, there are nooks and corners where eccentricity and strongly marked individuality may be discovered, and many new features of advertising genius are daily developing themselves in various novel expedients.

BATTLE OF GOLDEN HILL.

As much as the "Boston Massacre" has been glorified in history, the Knickerbocker should not forget that a bloody contest for principles and right took place, two months earlier, in our own city. This was the battle of Golden Hill, on January 20 and 21, 1770, where John and Cliff Streets now unite, the spot deriving its name from the fire wheat raised on a farm there. The mighty quarrel between the colonies and the mother country had already commenced in the passage of the Stamp Act, 1765, and the Quartering Act, as it was called. By this enactment the ministry were authorized to keep up a standing army in America, the people furnishing their support. In New York the denunciations against these usurpations were vehement and fierce; they were publicly ridiculed as the "folly of England and ruin of America." The "Sons of Liberty" were organized, and on the 1st of November, 1765, when the Stamp Act was to go in operation, this patriotic band forced Governor Colson to deliver the stamps to the city authorities. He did not consent, however, until he was hung in effigy at the present Bowling Green. Next followed the bills imposing duties on tea, glass, paper, etc., but the Americans would not consent to their imposition. At Boston the tea was thrown overboard, and in New York the vessel bringing it was compelled to return home. The people of Annapolis set fire to the vessel having the obnoxious article on board. These were the exciting things of the days, and to commemorate their principles and order the "Sons of Liberty" erected liberty-poles in several parts of the city—signals of liberty—which became very obnoxious to the British soldiery. More than once had they destroyed these ensigns, but the patriots immediately replaced them. In January, 1770, the soldiers levelled the liberty-pole on the Common (Park), sawing it into pieces. This renewed insult fired the sons of liberty, and that night three thousand citizens assembled on the spot where the outrage had been committed. Resolutions were passed declaring idle soldiers dangerous to the public peace. The next day three soldiers were detected in posting abusive placards against the Sons of Liberty, and Isaac Sears collared one of them. Another of the soldiers rushed upon Sears with his gun and bayonet, but he succeeded in conducting the offender to the mayor's office. In the meantime, twenty more soldiers came to the rescue of their comrades with drawn swords, while citizens drawn to the spot, seizing the stakes from carts and sleighs, near by, prepared to guard the prisoners. The mayor, Mr. Hicks, now ordering the soldiers to their barracks on the Park, they only partially obeyed, and retired to "Golden Hill." Here they were reinforced and charged upon the populace, who had followed them. A sanguinary contest ensued, during which numbers were injured on

both sides. A fresh party of the English arrived from the barracks, but while preparing to continue the fight, their officers appeared and ordered the men to their barracks. Thus the first day's contest ended in a drawn battle.

On the next morning the soldiers opened the conflict again, by running a bayonet through a lady's dress, who was returning from the market. The cowardly act again aroused the indignation of the citizens, and about noon some sailors came in collision with a party from the barracks, when one of them, an old man, was run through the body and died. At this moment some "Liberty Boys," playing ball in the neighborhood, at the corner of John street and Broadway, hastened to the fight, dispersing the soldiers, when hostilities ceased for several hours. But they commenced anew in the afternoon. Determined at all hazards to provoke an affray, a party of the soldiers assaulted some citizens on the Commons, endeavoring to disarm them of their canes. This insolence aroused more indignation—the hall bell rang an alarm, and a party of the Liberty Boys soon drove the assailants back to their barracks, which stood in the rear of our present City Hall. Several of the military were disarmed—one badly wounded, and another, conspicuous in the previous day's fight, was arrested and imprisoned. This was the early battle of Golden Hill, ninety years ago, and a conflict for the rights of the people, which in after years were so triumphantly and gloriously vindicated by the Americans! But little reference is usually made by historians to this event.

The next day after this defeat, the mayor ordered the soldiers not to appear outside of the barracks when off duty, unless with a non-commissioned officer. To commemorate these events



THE CHESTNUT MAN.



DOCK LOAFERS.

and triumphs of the people, permission was asked of the Common Council to erect another "Liberty Pole" for the one destroyed by the soldiers, but it was refused. Then John Lamb and some associates purchased ground, eleven feet wide by one hundred deep, near the former place, for the mast, independent of the corporation. Upon this patriotic spot, February 6, 1770, a mast of great length, two-thirds cased in iron, was sunk twelve feet into the earth, amidst the sounds of music and rejoicings of the people. "Liberty and Property" was its gilded motto. This was the fifth liberty pole erected in New York, and its inscription far less loyal than the one which had so seriously offended the royal British soldiers.—*G. D. P. in the N. Y. Evening Post.*

AMATEUR GYMNASTICS.

I didn't attempt anything for a good while. I sat and calmly surveyed the scene. I saw very little boys, who seemed to be qualifying themselves for the profession of India rubber men. I saw great strapping men (new comers) attempt and fail in things which fellows, whom they could put in their pockets, did with ease. I saw feats performed which seemed very hard, and which turned out to be very easy; and feats which were simple to look at, and "splitters" to try; and then I took off my coat and "went in." I pulled up the small weights five or six times; I went along the horizontal ladder and the parallel bars once or twice. I went home, and found two fine blisters on my hands next morning. Still I went there the next evening; exercised twice as much as I did before; felt convinced that I was getting along very fast; and lay awake almost all night, my arms ached so.

I staid away about a week, and then fell to work again manfully; became acquainted with a young gentleman who "knew the ropes," and, under his guidance, performed many marvellous

feats, and also met with more mishaps than I believe anybody ever met with before, in the same space of time. Being long and lean, and naturally awkward, every new thing I learned was ushered in by a disaster or two. But still I persevered, for I now "slept like a top," and ate at a rate very alarming to my boarding-house keeper. I persevered for two long months, and was still in the "full tide of successful experiment," when, on going to the gymnasium at my accustomed hour, one evening, I found a brilliant assemblage of beauty, brought together, by invitation of the managers, to witness our performances. I disported myself on the floor some time, until at length my evil genius impelled me to ascend, for the first time, a ladder, which ran up one side of the room nearly to the ceiling; then across, and down the other side of the room. Under the horizontal part of the ladder was temporarily placed a spring-board, of whose existence I was unaware. I wiggled up the ladder with convulsive jerks of the legs, the audience looking on in respectful silence; but when I had reached the middle of the horizontal part, locomotion became impossible! I could neither go backward nor forward, but hung suspended between heaven and earth, like Mohammed's coffin. I squirmed about with my legs, but I could find no rest for the sole of my foot. I could hold on no longer; and as the distance wasn't very great, I determined to drop to the floor as gracefully as possible, and persuade the audience that it was done on purpose. So I let go, and down I came perpendicularly—and up I went "flying." I had come down on my feet upon the spring-board!

My first impression was a chaos; my second was, that I had dropped into the mouth of a cannon just as it was going off. Up I went, like a shuttle cock, almost to the ladder, at which I made a desperate but ineffectual "claw," which threw me out of the perpendicular, and down I came, bang! in a sitting posture; up I went again, and I gathered my legs under me distractedly as I rose; so that when I dropped again, I was shot in a slanting direction, headforemost, as from a catapult, into the waistcoat of a two hundred pound man, who was looking on in open-mouthed astonishment. Down he went with a "squelch," and over him I went, like lightning, into the dressing-room! I rushed into my clothes, and out of the building, and have never entered a gymnasium since!—*Knickbocker Magazine.*

PROSECUTION OF ANIMALS AND INSECTS.

Among the works of Chassaneux, a learned juriconsult of the sixteenth century, is to be found a dissertation of immense prolixity, in which the essential points as to the prosecution of animals are discussed. He had been consulted by some intending prosecutors, and his opinion was adverse to the accused, which in this case was a species of locust called in old French, *hureburs*. Without further reference, however, to mere arguments on the one side or on the other, let us transcribe from the pages before us